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EDITORIAL NOTICE.—The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged. It is preferred that MSS. should be typewritten.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK

Apart from Ireland, where kidnapping and murder are so usual to-day as to create little excitement, the chief topic of interest this week has been Russia. The Bolsheviks are now overrunning the Crimea. General Wrangel, like General Denikin, has failed badly, and it is probable that dissension and desertion have disintegrated a force which was never particularly solid. The Cabinet has been divided over the resumption of trade relations with Russia, the question being how far the Bolsheviks can be said to have fulfilled their promises. There are still a number of prisoners of whom nothing is known. At present an agreement seems likely to be made which will include the cessation of Russian propaganda in this country. But Krassin and his like are kittle cattle to deal with.

If we may assume it to be a genuine desire for economy, we welcome the halving of Dr. Addison's "Miscellaneous Provisions" Bill, a dangerous and ill-conceived concoction which roused even the Government's supporters to protest. We have so little admiration for the remaining moiety that we would suggest its careful consideration in Committee. Why cannot Dr. Addison go to Geneva? He might look after the health of his rival in extravagant legislature, Mr. Fisher. The statement made by Mr. Bonar Law suggests a good deal more than appears on the surface. Has the Chancellor of the Exchequer been telling him what the effect of lower commodity prices has been on E.P.D.? Most of the "undercost" bargains we see in the shops to-day, will be made good to the shrewd manufacturers, to whom the E.P.D. of past years is a godsend and comforting reserve.

Sir F. Banbury's Select Committee on National Expenditure has put the Ministry of Munitions and its defenders in their proper places. In future, it is suggested, their action must be deferential to that which has been appointed by Parliament. The Committee repeat, and with fuller evidence, that the sale of the St. Omer Dump to the Leyland Motor Company calls

for explanation. Colonel Spurrier, who acted for the Ministry of Munitions, was formerly a director of the Leyland Company, and two of his brothers were directors at the time of purchase. Obviously the position was, shall we say, delicate? Careful investigation should have been welcomed. Yet Mr. Bonar Law and the Attorney-General attacked both report and Committee in the House of Commons. The idea of a Government department and its business adviser being censured was preposterous! Fortunately Sir Frederick Banbury's Committees are no fools and not to be bluffed. They return to the charge, and with evidence which will give Lord Inverforth and his department some research to refute.

The Anti-Dumping Bill has placed our legislators somewhat awkwardly. It is obvious that, unless we ourselves become master-dumpers, an anti-dumping bill is of little use to us. Industrially and commercially, we are not self-sufficient. We can keep out foreign goods which are saleable at a price lower than that of home manufacture, but the more we do so, the more foreign must foreign markets become. Protection, to give it its proper name, raises the cost of living, if it protects high wages, and as it restricts demand, it will create unemployment also. Members of Parliament have not the courage to tackle the problem at its source. Wages provide the key to the situation. Were it possible for us to consume all we make, wages might remain at any level; but being dependent on exports for our livelihood, we shall be undersold throughout the world, if wages remain where they are.

Some have cited our large shipbuilding output as proof of our ability to hold a world market without reduction in costs. Unfortunately these people have read the report of *Lloyd's Register* without full knowledge of its significance. Our yards are still engaged in the completion of Government work, based on time and material terms, and no orders are being received for new work. The fact is causing much concern among shipbuilders, and those yards which were sold to the public within the last three years by shrewd



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owners and company promoters will have some difficulty in justifying their optimistic prospectuses. It looks, indeed, as though we shall lose much of our ship-building and ship-repairing connection. Foreign yards were always keen competitors, but with labour costs and conditions where they are, the foreigner's task is now easy enough. To our knowledge, one contract originally intended by a South American firm for this country went abroad last month, the price quoted being no less than 33 per cent. under ours. France, Belgium, Holland and Germany want work, and in spite of raw materials being more costly, they can under-quote us because of the great difference in the price and hours of labour.

Not only is our labour too costly for us to compete in the world's market, but it has a diminished value. For instance, it is computed by traders using the London docks that, where a labourer carried two planks six years ago, he now handles one, and that, of course, at the price prevailing. The high ratio of labour to total cost in the London docks has been a problem for fifty years, and something must be done to save unemployment. In the Surrey Commercial Dock, the largest of our timber receiving depôts, timber is literally handled after leaving the ship. There are no railway sidings, and as the port authorities will not break bulk, a consignee must await a full cargo's removal from the docks by manual labour and haulage, before he can deal with his own particular parcel. It is not surprising, therefore, that the port of London is becoming increasingly unpopular with shippers, who, even with depôts in the London area, prefer to have their shipments delivered elsewhere. Seaborne traffic will leave the London river, if greater facilities for cheap discharge are not provided quickly.

Our representatives on the League of Nations will hardly promote its cause with the public. These are Mr. G. N. Barnes, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Balfour. Evidently the last is included as a sop to sentiment. Those who are expected to take the League seriously would not have asked Mr. Barnes or Mr. Fisher to go to Geneva. Their greatest friends would not have chosen them. India is represented by Sir William Meyer and the Maharajah of Nawanagar. The former we know to be an economist (has he not boasted the fact?), but can we say even as much of his co-representative? Ranjitsinhji was an excellent cricketer, both at the wicket and in the field, but in other walks of life we have heard nothing of his qualifications to represent India. Poor President Wilson, whose message of convocation was read at the opening of the first session, is "down and out," repudiated by his people and no longer a power. It is significant that Jewish, Roman Catholic and Protestant services preceded the opening ceremony. Doubtless the many other religious sects represented took like action.

We have always held M. Venizelos to be a shrewd politician, but his growing unpopularity in Greece has been no secret. He has forced M. Streit, his rival, to put his cards on the table; the result of the Greek elections has gone against him, and he has resigned. Thus the partisans of ex-King "Tino" are put in power, but this does not mean that he will return. The Allies will have a word to say as to that. M. Venizelos has tangible proofs of his statesmanship to show. Considering what she did to aid the Allies, Greece got more plums than anyone, and it was his cleverness that got them for her.

Defeat and impoverishment have left the German character unchanged. If there is a country where one would expect to find dissension and revolution, it is Germany, paralysed and pauperised by the fortunes of war, and exasperated by the extravagance and bacchanalian excesses of war profiteers. Yet Communists and Bolsheviks attack her in vain. Last week saw the utter rout of her Extremists in Berlin, where they hoped to make a successful *coup* by seizing the factories and cutting off the necessary public ser-

vices. In spite of clever organisation on the part of the conspirators, order and discipline prevailed. The services were quickly resumed, and now it has been decreed that strikes without notice in vital services are illegal and punishable.

The Government were widely lectured for not letting MacSwiney go, and told that sentiment should overrule good sense. The soundness of their stand is now amply revealed. Hunger-striking is played out. First "Dreadnought" Sylvia wouldn't take it on, because a cruel government would let her die instead of letting her go; and now Mr. Arthur Griffith, Acting President of the Irish "Republic," has asked the Cork hunger-strikers to live for the sake of Ireland. They "have sufficiently proved their devotion and fidelity." Also, they have ceased to attract, on this side of the Channel at any rate, any attention from the Press. After these Irish performances, novelists will have to revise their periods of starvation for castaways. Much greater endurance will be expected from a real hero, and the party in an open boat ought not to begin to think of eating one another on the sixth day.

A resolution moved by Professor Soddy and unanimously adopted at the annual meeting of Scientific Workers held last week at King's College, is somewhat disquieting. The resolution disapproved the policy of the Department of Industrial and Scientific Research in handing over to the private use of profit-seeking monopolies valuable knowledge which had been obtained at the expense of the community. There can be no greater example of unfair competition. Professor Soddy stated that in the chemical industries, science and the inventors were "fair game" for the large business interests, to which the Government capitulated in politics. The indictment is grave, both for the public, who have subscribed the money for the researches, and the scientists, who have been coolly diddled of their just reward. The direction of Professor Soddy's accusing finger is obvious. Some, we gather, are conscious of the debt which they owe to public research, for at the last Brunner Mond meeting a large sum of money was taken from the profits for donation in this direction. Somewhat reasonably, perhaps, in the circumstances, some of the shareholders object.

Evidently the ownership of newspaper properties appeals to the shipowning fraternity. Within recent years the Runciman family have been large buyers in Fleet Street, purchasing first the now defunct publications *Land and Water*, and *Flying*, and later the Cox properties, the *Field*, the *Queen*, and the *Law Times*. Now the Hon. Morton Weir, Lord Inverforth's son, has purchased Sir Henry Dalziel's interest in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It need not be anticipated that the change in ownership will mean a change in policy, for anything which stands in the name of Sir Henry Dalziel stands for the Right Hon. David Lloyd George, or his political group, and passes only to safe hands. Knowing, as we now do, that party funds are not immune from distraint, it is not surprising that supporters should prefer a newspaper to direct contribution. By the way, is a political party's income not a fit subject for taxation?

Of all her children, dour Presbyterian Scotland pays the deepest reverence to the memory of her Bohemian sons. Burns, ill enough treated in his lifetime, has long been her worshipped idol, but in later years she has taken Stevenson to her heart. In his Edinburgh days the droll, gawky lad got scant appreciation, but on Saturday of last week the first commemorative dinner of the Stevenson Club in the city of his birth marked another and important step in the nationalization of "R.L.S." His memory and his work may never hold the popular imagination so firmly as those of Burns, but the growing strength and numbers of the club suggest that Stevenson has established himself in the hearts of his countrymen. Unlike in many ways, the two had much in common. Sympathy for the under-dog, a practical and unconventional morality, and a

mastery of the English language, were characteristic of both. "A head of gold and feet of clay" was Stevenson's apt description of the poet; but Burns in turn might have applied the same image to his younger rival from head to foot. At the dinner referred to, Mr. Gosse described his first and accidental meeting with Stevenson in 1870; the beginning of a close friendship which lasted till the end. Indeed, the last words which Stevenson wrote were addressed to him—an unfinished letter wherein he foretold his friend's long life and his own fast approaching death.

Dean Inge is always worth listening to, and he has been saying pungent things to the Eugenics Education Society. The contempt expressed for intellect, as such, is a new thing to-day. It indicates the "barbarisation of public and social life." The loud voices to-day are, indeed, barbarous. They promote superstition and revel in exaggerating the sentiment of the uneducated. They follow the famous recipe of shouting with the largest crowd. The Dean remarked that "the whole nation, and especially the Government, is behaving as if we had come into a huge fortune by the war." That was so, notoriously after the Armistice; but we think the English people are recovering and still sound in the main, and we refuse to regard post-war England as a "gone concern." The trouble is that the moderate and sensible part of the country has so little chance to be heard to-day.

In the Preface to Vol. IX. of his excellent 'History of the British Army,' Mr. Fortescue explains that such work as his is a luxury:—

"I should have done better for myself financially, if, instead of devoting over twenty years of intense labour to this book, I had served for the same period as a private of the infantry of the line, without any of the increases of emolument granted to the soldier since 1895, without any such additions as good conduct pay or marksman's pay, and without any prospect of promotion or pension."

"The wages of the historian to-day," he tells us, "are something under fourteen shillings a week!" And "one very near to me" is toiling strenuously so that the 'History' can go through to its destined end. We sympathise heartily with Mr. Fortescue, whose lack of adequate support and notice of his work is a disgrace to the world of to-day—a world that lives on sensation, sentiment, twaddle, and trade puffs of inferior stuff. It is many years since Johnson with bitter experience wrote:—

"Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise."

But the story, if old, is none the less discreditable, alike to readers, and those who pretend to guide them to good work, worth reading.

The strange chances of the Peerage are illustrated in the descent of the Belhaven title. It was contested on the death of the 8th Lord by Lieut.-Col. Robert William Hamilton and his cousin, James Hamilton. The latter was the successful litigant, and became the 9th Lord in 1875. He married two years later, and had seven daughters. Consequently the title passed in 1893 to the family of his opponent. By that time Lt.-Col. Robert Hamilton was dead, also his only son, his other children being daughters. So the title passed to his brother, Alexander Charles. He has just died, and lost his only son in the war. So he is succeeded by a son of his brother, Archibald William, who died in 1886. The present peer was born in 1875, and his prospects of succeeding to the title at that time were slender indeed!

Knut Hamsun, to whom the 1920 Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded, is now sixty, and is generally regarded as the greatest living Norwegian writer. He is a man who, like Mr. Wells, has almost entirely educated himself. He began life as a shoemaker's apprentice, studied unsuccessfully at

Christiania, and from there made his way over to America, where he again met with little success in the struggle for a living. Afterwards he threw in his lot with the fishermen of Newfoundland. At the age of thirty he published 'Sult,' a novel which attracted considerable attention in his own country; but he has unfortunately been long in gaining an audience in England. His work only came into full prominence here as lately as this year, with the publication of 'Growth of the Soil.' This book has been universally acclaimed as a masterpiece. It is his latest novel and differs widely from his earlier writings, which have none of its restraint or objectivity.

Great news has been revealed for 1921. Lady Diana Duff-Cooper is to be presented on the "movies." We thought she was busy editing, which, for our own part, we find a strenuous and exacting business. Perhaps there will be a film to show us how easy it is. On the advertising side we are ready to admit that the up-to-date representatives of the photocracy take some beating. Here, for instance, in the *Sunday Times*, is "the greatest of all film producers," declaring that Lady Diana is "the greatest film artist in the world." She is "so sensitive in the nostrils; that's where film genius shows." There is also great art in posing, which all our aristocracy have not yet sufficiently practised.

A beggar who was charged last week with soliciting alms in the London streets was found in possession of £262 8s. 4½d. This amount was on his person; at his home two bank pass-books were discovered, showing a credit balance of £758. Those conversant with police court records tell us that such revelations are common, but mendicants are still permitted to plague the public with their whining solicitations. Most sell matches as a pretext, and presumably police protection is thereby obtained. The deserving poor are to be pitied, and should be helped in every way possible; but for the most part this fraternity are a lazy and undesirable lot, who thrive on their mendicity. If any doubt the reward of their posing, it is only necessary to note the takings of those who "sell matches" between Leicester Square and the Café Royal in Regent Street, or Burlington House in Piccadilly. From noon till the restaurants close these gather a rich harvest, and many a hard-working professional man or woman earns considerably less. The humbugs are neither poor nor deserving, and should be eliminated.

Prehistoric dress is to be worn at the ball of the Chelsea Arts Club, and the organiser expects to find examples that are "very artistic." Mr. H. G. Wells is to give advice, for he is, we learn, to be regarded as an authority since he wrote his outline of history. As a specialist, Mr. George Robey might also be consulted. Our poor Mediterranean civilisation is, it appears, played out, and our advanced artists, having laid aside tradition, must go to the people who used to be called "savages" to satisfy their latest needs, or—shall we say?—to stimulate their defective powers of invention. One thing is certain: the prehistoric woman could not have worn much less than the fashionable female of to-day.

We read that modern men, or some of them, are yielding to the barber's dainty array of face-creams and powders, and prettily coloured preparations for the hair. A City employer has clerks who make themselves too beautiful for business purposes. This kind of beauty is generally achieved by idlers who find the day too long, unless it is crammed with amusements. A "pretty" man of this sort is a poor creature. As Martial said,

"Bellus homo et magnus vis idem, Cotta, videri:

Sed qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est."

The adjective "well-groomed" suggests by its very phrasing that a man is more like an animal than like *Homo sapiens*. His dress is his fortune with Lydia and Chloe.

THE LEGEND OF ENGLISH INSULARITY.

THERE is, of course, a sense in which the English are undeniably insular. They live, for example, upon an island. There are senses, however, in which they are the least insular of all the nations. To be insular has come to mean something derogatory. It has come to imply a lack of breadth in one's point of view, a deficiency of understanding and imagination in dealing with people whose circumstances are different, an inability to appreciate the qualities and opinions of other nations. There is really no reason why insularity should have acquired this bad significance. People living on an island, especially if the island be small, are surely in the best possible position to understand all the world. Islanders cannot live without constant communication with their neighbours. They are surrounded by the sea, which is the best possible highway for international enterprises. They are tempted abroad by a national inclination towards sea-faring and necessity to keep in touch with the larger world. The English race is everywhere to-day, because, and not in spite of, its living upon an island. If you live on an island and desire also to be a great nation, you must have the genius to be cosmopolitan.

The legend of the Englishman as being an irredeemably insular person, in the bad, loose meaning of the term, appears to have arisen in two ways. First, there is the English habit of decrying the Englishman. An Englishman exceptionally cosmopolitan in his views will satirise the ordinary Englishman as not being cosmopolitan enough. Whereupon the ordinary Englishman, instead of praying his critic to give him "more matter with less art," endorses the accusation. He is all the more inclined to agree with his critic, because he is himself, as an ordinary Englishman, conscious of the necessity to be intelligently accessible to the views and influences of other nations. In any other country but England a critic of the national type, far from receiving the encouragement of his compatriots, would be denounced, or, what is worse for the critic, left to preach in a wilderness. But the English are incorrigibly tolerant of their critics whether at home or abroad. They are quick to admire virtues of another kind than their own, and to recognise their limitations. They thus encourage the charge of insularity which is so often brought against them. It does not really hurt them, because it is not true.

Another and deeper reason for the charge of insularity brought against the Englishman lies in the fact that the Englishman is often right, particularly in international and political things, and, when the Englishman is right, he is not inclined to admit that he is wrong. He has a genial and a general understanding of the world at large, but he has also a strongly marked character and a will of his own. Since he cannot always give chapter and verse for his understanding (for he is not by nature logical) the Englishman's will is often characterised as wilfulness, and his individuality as egoism. These qualities, as viewed by those who feel the weight of them in international rivalries, are easily translated into the obstinacy, stupidity and blindness which insularity is usually taken to imply.

Our own experience, after living closely in touch with men of many nations, has convinced us that of all the peoples who have an active career and a strongly marked character of their own the English people are, in the bad sense of the term, the least insular. We exclude the inhabitants of small countries, whose political life has been neutralised, and whose business it is to understand other people's civilisations, because they have little or none of their own. It goes without saying that in cosmopolitan attainments a Swiss will naturally beat all the world. All his languages are foreign languages, and his politics consist in being everybody's friend and avoiding quarrels. He is interested in everything and prejudiced in nothing. As a good cosmopolitan, he will house and feed the League of Nations (so long as the bills are paid) and, equally, like a good cosmopolitan, he has taken measures to preserve his neutrality, if the League of

Nations should ever become involved in a war. Cosmopolitanism of so complete a kind is only to be found in the little nations which live by bread alone. No great nation can be cosmopolitan to this degree, or it would not have become great. If from among the great nations we take France, or Germany or the United States, it will at once be realised by any who have dealt at all closely with their people that England is infinitely less insular. The French are only cosmopolitan in the sense that they have imposed many of their institutions and habits of thought on other nations. They take France with them, or endeavour to do so, wherever they go. They have a finite and complete civilisation of their own, and are of all nations the least penetrable by any outside influence. The French civilisation is rooted in clear logic and hard sense; it suffers no obscurities, and is impatient of the indefinable. It therefore provides a common ground on which other nations may meet together and converse intelligibly. But the French spirit is insular rather than cosmopolitan. It completely disregards or fails to comprehend the outsider. The insularity of the German hardly requires demonstration. He still wonders to-day why the world does not love and admire him. America's insularity is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that she remained outside the war as long as possible, and is to-day remaining outside the peace. There is also the fact that most Americans believe that liberty is an American institution.

The difference between any of the above nations and England is well shown in the English phrase "my country right or wrong." No German, Frenchman, or American would admit that his country was wrong. The Englishman knows that he is the sort of fool who gets on pretty well anywhere. He is ready to take what he finds and make the best of it. He knows how to behave with all nations, and how to admire their qualities and to respect their habits and sentiments. Other nations tend to take too much of their own civilisation with them when they go abroad, and to assume that it is their duty to display their own peculiar virtues of mind and temperament. We have seen Englishmen a hundred times defer to a foreigner, or at least admit that there was reason in his point of view. We have rarely seen a Frenchman yield a point in argument or comprehend what the other man has in mind. We take France as the supreme example of the insularity of which the Englishman is usually charged. From a Frenchman one never gets anything but French.

BUTLER OF HARROW.

HENRY MONTAGU BUTLER was probably the most remarkable and certainly the most distinguished headmaster of more modern times. We say this, fully bearing in mind the leading personalities of his own adventurous father and of Dr. Arnold who for some generations almost monopolised the ideals of headmastership. Dr. George Butler was in many ways not only original but a pioneer, and we shall return to him later. Dr. Arnold set a great example of public spirit and a great standard of Christian attainment. He was the first to enlarge the sphere of modern education and to accentuate the responsibilities of boys. Add to this that he was himself an historian, a preacher with fixed purposes and the father of a celebrated son. He set the Rugby tradition, and still looms large in the public eye. But it must be confessed that there was something academic in his handling of youth, and even of priggery in his composition. His Liberalism and Wordsworthianism swallowed him up till outside those bounds—except on scholarship—he seems hardly to have been a free man. His tension got the better of his expansiveness, and, unlike Butler, he was no cricketer, nor was his devotion, like Butler's, indigenous to the soil. Butler by a happy coincidence was even more Harrovian than the Harrow which he found, nay more so even than the Harrow which he may be said in a degree to have founded. The Hill was not only ever in his heart,

but it was born with him in his blood. His father, Dr. George Butler, was the son of the Reverend Weedon Butler who after being secretary to Dr. Dodd, incumbent of St. George's, Hanover Square, chaplain to the Duke of Kent, and a philanthropist of the eighteenth century, became the curate of his son at the comfortable Gayton in Northamptonshire. George, though of the stock, was scarcely of the same stuff. There was a touch of genius about him. Strong-willed and impetuous, he fronted life in every form. As a youth, he journeyed on foot in Germany where he met and impressed both Goethe and Schiller. Small in stature (unlike his son), he was great both in soul and body. There was nothing he could not do, and very little that he could not understand. His mother was of French extraction, and at a time when linguists were rare in England, he was an excellent one. Classic, mathematician, archaeologist and theologian, he was also an agriculturist, and no dilettante in the arts. He was, moreover, one of the best fencers of his day, a fine horseman, skater and swimmer, ready to rescue the drowning at any moment in a long life. He taught his Gayton peasants their own business, and, had he not been a very sincere and truly pious parson, would probably have been adventuring and amassing in India, instead of being a headmaster, a rector, a Dean and Chancellor of Peterborough. He was too modest for his capacities—a trait which descended to his son—and too universal for his surroundings. A memoir of such a man and one so typical of the eighteenth century is certainly overdue.

It was in 1805 that George Butler became Headmaster of the Harrow which in every direction his vigorous yet not rigorous individuality transfigured. At once he quelled a revolution and received the thanks of George the Third. For twenty-four years he ruled Harrow with an iron hand under a velvet glove. Quite apart from anything else, he had to deal with Byron who was never an easy nut to crack. In his architectural additions also he displayed excellent taste by building the new wing of the ancient school-house in exact harmony with the old. He showed also an old-world hospitality—which his son in his turn maintained—not only to the parents and masters but to the boys themselves. When he retired and accepted a Deanery he was replaced by Longley, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, but when his son entered Harrow in 1846 her chief was a man after his own heart, the Rugbeian, the amiable adamant Dr. Vaughan. Like him, like Joseph Drury his predecessor, like the slack Wordsworth who followed on Longley, and like his own Montagu, he was a Cambridge man. Cambridge had steeped Harrow.

Dr. Vaughan at once recognised a paragon and a model in the boy who ardently returned his devotion. Despite his delicate health, there was no distinction which he did not gain including that of the cricket-field. His goodness, charm, and ability were exhibited to the full as head of the school, where he won all hearts and made lifelong friendships. He was, indeed, already a miniature headmaster and his firmness of character, his unobtrusive spiritual aspirations, and his conscientiousness were only matched by his modesty. There was nothing about him of "the good apprentice": always he "adorned the tale" rather than "pointed the moral." He was human, natural and wise beyond his years, and an exceptional sense of humour prevented him from confusing seriousness with solemnity. Mr. Graham, who has ably achieved a difficult undertaking* in dramatising a miniature world, scatters many a story on his pages, but here is one of which perhaps he is unaware, Dr. Butler's tale of his initiation into the school. "My dear father," he said in those staccato tones which the superficial mistook for affectation, "took me to Dr. Vaughan and then bade me good-bye in my room: There was a big boy there, and, when my father had gone, he took a penknife from his pocket, and ran it into my wrist crying, 'there's for you, you little something!'"

Sir George Trevelyan, who contributes a graceful introduction to this book, was a little boy when Butler passed on to Cambridge, but the association was pursued and intimately perpetuated throughout their career; and when Butler quitted the University as Fellow and Tutor of his College, it was Sir George who introduced him to Macaulay. The Cambridge career was another triumphant progress: honours seemed to tumble into his deprecating lap. At Cambridge too he was closely associated with his lifelong friend Lord Spencer, who hailed from the same county, for Gayton was Butler's birthplace. His early desire for social service was furthered by his friendships with Maurice and Llewelyn Davies, as afterwards with the benevolent Lord Shaftesbury. In every sphere this "happy warrior" was thrown with men "of light and leading," and everywhere he shone.

Then followed a year in London with his widowed mother, and a desk in a Government office as secretary to Mr. Cowper-Temple, with his consequent heroising of the super-Harrowian Palmerston. You may know a man's composition by the variety of his heroes, and among Butler's were to rank Lawrence (he was as versed in Indian history as in Dante and Milton), Burke which he knew by heart, Gordon, and Gladstone—till he found out that he "could not govern." His friendships were wide, and included Jowett, Matthew Arnold, and Charles Kingsley. A socialist sciolist once declared that Butler did not understand the poor whom he visited. We remember Kingsley preaching to boys in the Harrow Chapel and emphasising the difference between the Socialist and the Christian as "The one says all that thou hast is mine," the other, "All that I have is thine."

It must have been with many heartburnings that the young Butler, who had won golden opinions from all sorts of people and meanwhile had visited Italy, Greece and Syria with the fervour of a pilgrim and climbed Alps with the ardour of Excelsior, relinquished his political aspirations. On Vaughan's retirement in 1859, he was suddenly asked to stand for the vacancy. He took up his post in 1860, and for a quarter of a century moulded the destinies, inspired the genius, and conciliated the affections of the place consecrated in his heart. He was very far-seeing, yet very prudent, and "festina lente" was his motto. Gradually he made of Harrow a "mons sacer." Masters, boys, parents became mutually enthusiastic and indefatigable. He brought Harrow into line with the best modernity without impairing—rather by strengthening—her past. Of every novelty, indeed, he made a fresh tradition, notably by the "modern school," and by his perception of the possibilities of Harrow folk-music in the person of the at first derided John Farmer. Edward Bowen and John Farmer proved to be a scholastic Gilbert and Sullivan, expressing the sentiment and spirit of the Harrow commonwealth, and 'Forty years on' is now as widely current as any national anthem. Stupidity was never Butler's *bête noire*; rather he sought by every prick or persuasion to stir and enkindle it. What he did detest was all that was untrue or dishonourable, and even here while he scathed, he sought to transform. To abler boys he was not only a most individual preceptor, but a delightful companion, instilling life into dry bones and playing with his prodigious memory on all the vicissitudes of life and literature. He was full of fun, though with his own purest playfulness. An old pupil will never forget how he laughed when a rather brilliant boy, not having prepared his Tacitus, construed "salsa lacryma" as "a witty tear."

It was Butler, too, who first did justice to the townspeople's school in connection with the Founder's will. His letters, his sermons, his unstinting generosity of hand and heart speak for themselves, he was a great friend to many a pupil and assistant throughout their joys and sorrows. His pet aphorism of "Never say what you know to be wrong" was capped by his "Play the game," and, literally, of games his memory and his interest were masters. He had a strong poetical bent, and polished simplicity

* The Harrow Life of Henry Montagu Butler, D.D. By Edward Graham. With 8 illustrations. Longmans. 21s. net.

was his ideal in all his verses, whether grave or gay. From first to last he exacted the lesson of the school prayer, that Harrow boys should be trained in "godliness and good learning," and he invested all with an atmosphere of honour. The Dr. Butler with the soft voice and courtly manner that the world met on stated occasions was but a fragment of his firm will and high-souled intelligence.

AN AMERICAN MACBETH.

TWO or three critics of the revival of 'Macbeth' at the Aldwych Theatre have protested against the cutting of the text, adding, as a circumstance deepening the wrong, that it has been done to allow time for Mr. Norman O'Neill's "specially composed" incidental music. Alas! we dare not nowadays be so dogmatic on these matters, as we should have been, say, twenty years ago, and may be again, let us hope, twenty years hence. We really must bear in mind that the incomparable allurements of great tragic acting is, and has for several years been, lacking from our stage. A careful and intelligent performance of so superb a work as 'Macbeth' must always be interesting, but it cannot be as enthralling and soul-shaking as a performance in which a Sarah Siddons or an Adelaide Ristori impersonates the fiend-like Queen, or a Kean, a Macready or a Henry Irving embodies the hag-ridden doomed warrior-king. If, therefore, incidental music can add its emphasis and illustration in a just way, it may be rather rash of those of us who love Shakespeare and even associate his popularity with the well-being of the soul of England, to exclaim against it. For our own part, we in no way regret the omission of the character of Hecate, whose speech in Act III, sc. 5 bears every sign of being an interpolation. We can even dispense comfortably, in the theatre, with a good deal of the scene between Malcolm and Macduff in Act IV, in which the young prince so expansively "pulls the leg" of the Scottish noble. So far, we have no quarrel with the Aldwych management. We do regret the absence of the short scene between Lennox and another lord in the third act, in which the opening speech of Lennox is one of Shakespeare's finest pieces of irony. The ironical is one of his rarer notes: he is generally straightforward. We also regret the omission of the scene in Macduff's castle in Act IV. It is a scene of great theatrical effectiveness, and a playhouse is, frankly, the last place in the world in which we should expect to find it ignored.

There is, however, so much to be thankful for in this revival, that carping at the expense of the "cuts" and of Mr. O'Neill seems ungraciousness itself. In the first place, we have a generally right delivery of the text. Not merely the leading performers, but also those who play the minor parts (with an exception to be discussed later) speak the lines allotted to them as though they understood and appreciated them aright, and every playgoer who knows Shakespeare fairly well knows also how rare and blessed a thing that is. It has become quite a common experience in latter-day Shakespearean revivals for the listening spectator to be violently assaulted from the stage with wrong emphasis, wrong scansion (and even no scansion at all), and the pitiful spectacle of an actor or actress manifestly in a complete muddle as to the meaning of the verse he or she is repeating. Of that sort of torture there is none at the Aldwych, and no doubt one reason is the fact that the tragedy has been rehearsed by Mr. Louis Calvert, who happens to be that rare bird, an actor who knows a good deal about what Shakespeare wrote and meant, and how his verse ought to be spoken. The exception to which we have alluded is the group of Witches. Here we had three actresses trying conscientiously to be weird, and only succeeding in being fussy. As instruments of destiny these mechanical, gesticulating, squeaking creatures would have imposed no sort of impression upon Macbeth, and their frequent "Ha-ha! Hee-hee! Ho-ho!" made for weariness rather than alarm. Here Mr. Calvert's imagination seems, for once in a way, to have fallen asleep. The characters, it may be admitted, present

a difficulty. Composed for the most part in terms of the grotesque, it is yet their business to inspire terror. Yet it is a difficulty which we venture to regard as quite capable of solution. Surely Mr. Calvert's line lay here with the monotone, the supernatural aspect, and as much physical quietude as the text and "business" permit. He is far too good a Shakespearian to be out for any sort of "laughs" here in the manner of the Philistine.

Mr. James K. Hackett, an American actor with an inherited histrionic gift, offers us a Macbeth of commanding presence, a very beautiful voice, a large imaginative range and a manifest sense of the music of words. It is a pleasure to hear him in the soliloquies with which the part is gemmed. He nowhere gives us the electrical thrill in which Irving's Macbeth, for all its inequalities, was so rich, though he gets very near to conveying one in his "Liar and Slave!" preceded by a pause of dumb bewilderment, and then roared forth in fury; but it is a pure pleasure to listen to him in the "dagger" soliloquy, especially in its reflective passages; in the lovely verses on sleep, in the description of the dreams that nightly shake the guilty wretch, in the magnificent verses beginning "Come, sealing night," and in all the immortal beauties of thought and language sprinkled over the part in the last Act. His display of terror at the first apparition of Banquo at the banquet suffered on the evening of our visit from the green light on the back of a chair which was intended to suggest the ghost. On the supposed second entry of the spectre, when the audience saw nothing, and the actor gazed straight before him into the auditorium, his anguish became real in the best way, for it allowed the imagination of the audience full play, and, in consequence, the episode achieved its due effect. On the whole, the performance shows respect and understanding of the poet, and is therefore one for which we may thank Mr. Hackett, while its technical accomplishment leads us to look forward with a good deal of interest to seeing him in other characters.

The Lady Macbeth of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is, of course, not new to London. It was seen years ago with the Macbeth of Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, since when it has ripened, becoming more Shakespearian and less "modern." Here again the electric thrill is lacking, but there is beauty of voice and eloquent speech, and the least imaginative person in the theatre may come away with a rather shuddering image of the dreadful "dearest chuck" sitting by the fire in the castle of Inverness murmuring her devilish designs. Mr. Leslie Faber as Macduff wins great applause in the scene in England which so splendidly brings down the curtain on the penultimate act, but oddly enough he gets little or no effect in the trumpet-tongued revelation of the King's murder in Act II, sc. 3, a scene in which some playgoers still remember the late Mr. T. C. King to have been highly impressive over fifty years ago. The part of the Gentlewoman in the sleep-walking scene, as played by Miss Rhoda Symons, was marred by some staginess of speech; Mr. H. R. Hignett, otherwise an admirable Banquo, made nothing of the fine line, "In the great hand of God I stand," and Mr. E. G. Cove seemed to have misread the part of the Porter by trying to make him conventionally funny in a low-comedy way. Surely if ever humour were of the grim kind, it is here. But when all is said and done, the revival remains, as has been said, one to be thankful for, while its Macbeth is distinctly another link of right good metal in the long unity of the English and American stages at their higher level.

LIBRARY WEEDING.

WE have a vivid recollection of a sad tale told to us years ago by Sir Herbert Maxwell, author and politician, sportsman and naturalist, and, greater than these, lover of books. He wanted to make room in his library for a new purchase—or perhaps was it to obtain a few pounds to assist in procuring the new purchase?—and he weeded out a set of sporting maga-

zines. Years passed, and one day, much to his disgust, he read that a set of the rejected volumes had been sold for nearly a thousand pounds!

Obviously the process of weeding requires care. For the average person there need be no danger from having to act in a hurry; he can weed at leisure. There is not often a great call on his space at a particular moment. No one but a profiteer buys books for his personal use by the yard; the ordinary mortal is proud enough when the space required can be measured by inches. Nor is there any special season for the operation; the process may be taken in hand from time to time, but the shelves in the library must be renewed just as much as the herbaceous border in the garden. There are three methods open to us, by gift, by sale, or by destruction. Sometimes the careless borrower gives a helping hand; but we should prefer not to be indebted to him. The gift method may be subdivided thus: Process A, deliberate and personal; process B, casual and impersonal. The object in each case is the same: to find a suitable home for the book. It is surprising what pleasure the humble possessor of a few volumes may give to the proud owner of a fine library by the gift of a volume which happens to fit into the big man's collection, or to help him along with his hobby. A book that throws some sidelight on a campaign is a treasure to an owner of a military library, and a trashy novel which has perpetrated some absurdity about birds may be a welcome gift to an ornithologist, and many a book or annual of little worth may be redeemed by having an engraving or a woodcut that gives it a charm for a collector. If a book has to go, never be afraid of asking friend Brown, owner of priceless treasures though he be, if he would like to have it.

Process B, now that Camps' Library is no more, makes an excellent game. Let's have a turn at it. The problem is, to find a home for two volumes during a half-hour's stroll in London. You sally forth with, let us say, a sporting novel, and a mutilated and be-thumbed copy of Lindsay Gordon under your arm, having first removed, if you are wise, every evidence of your ownership from each. Fate seems kind to you, for there, a few yards off, is a Carter Paterson van without an attendant. You are sorely tempted to dump down the "lot" and vanish, but then you would not be playing the game. You have to find a home for each book. The sprite answering to the lure of the legend "C. P. & Co.," displayed in the basement window, will in time return from the nether regions, and as soon as his foot is on the step, off will go the horses; and for all you know, when he is round the corner, Jehu will chuck your gifts in the gutter. You resist temptation, and move on to find yourself in Kensington Gardens. Behold an unguarded perambulator right in your path. A hasty look around assures you that there is no nurse to be seen, nor any sign of a nurse, not even a soldier. Obviously baby wants the sporting novel, and won't be happy till he gets it. You scrawl on the title page, "A Present for a good Girl," and deposit it by the sleeping infant. You hope it is a girl, as then the nurse won't be worried by the inscription. Otherwise that "good" may cause some searchings of the heart to the absentee. *Ironia patet*, but not necessarily to nursemaids. You will remove yourself and await results: on your return from a hurried visit to the Round Pond you meet a perambulator. Joy! It is the perambulator, and with it a nurse, and with her a soldier, and under his other arm a sporting novel! 'Won by a neck!' was not written in vain.

There remains the Lindsay Gordon. As the moment of parting comes, you feel inclined to keep it after all. You are now near the Albert Hall, and a procession of sandwich men, going west, comes in view. The sight recalls those verses—"sacred" Thackeray called them—which immortalised Robert Levett, "the obscure practiser in physic among the lower people," who, but for the tactful help of his friend, the poet, that mountain of humanity, might well have had to join in such a procession as this. It, too, walks its narrow round, nor makes a pause, its

pride disdains no petty gains, and the toil of every day supplies the modest wants of every day. Here is your chance. Would not Gordon find a welcome home here? Is he not

"Of every friendless name the friend"?

Side by side you walk to pick your man. Then tentatively, softly, insinuatingly to an object that looks as if he might retain within his rags a glimmer of the sacred light, you appeal, "Like a book to read?" A puff of vile tobacco is all the answer. Nothing daunted, you try again and make progress. This time you get a growl. "Not allowed to read on duty." "Then take it for off duty." A hand not without traces of refinement is held out, and it grasps the book. In quick succession a hurried glance at the name, a look of obvious relief—saying plainly "Not a tract this time!"—and a voice with a quaver in it breathes, "Ah!—Lindsay Gordon!" Here's a man that was once—no matter, that "Ah!" makes you feel sure that your book has found a home. You long to risk the old tag,

"Life is mostly froth and bubble:

Two things stand like stone,"

but you dare not. Were the sandwich man to murmur,

"Kindness in another's trouble,

Courage in your own,"

you must fall upon his neck. Then what a scene! How shocking, and almost under the shadow of the memorial to Albert the Good. That must not be. The game is over. The problem is solved. You have found homes for your two books, and can go home with a sense of success to lunch.

Weeds of no value or of only sentimental interest must be destroyed. The time must come when you cannot keep a volume merely because, when She came to tea that day, she obviously put her tea-cup on its cover, or because a young imp of years ago spilt the ink on the title-page. When the time comes cremation is a solemn rite for the sentimental; while for the practical, there is the consolation that, in days of dear coal, every little helps, as the village dwarf said to the recruiting sergeant.

The interesting superfluities can take their chance with a dealer, but first obliterate all traces of the place whence they came. When you pick out of a rubbish-box for a few pence a 'Peter Parley's Annual' because it recalls the delight with which, as a boy, you had received the volume for that year and open it to find therein: "To Darling Adolphus on his tenth birthday from his devoted Aunt Anastasia," you have not picked up a bargain; you are toying with a tragedy. So, too, to find a book, one that has been honoured with a book-plate and a place in a catalogue, exposed in a row labelled "All this lot 2d. each," is as sad a discovery as it used to be to see a thorough-bred between the shafts of a four-wheeler.

THE WEASEL.

The first is the story as I have heard it:
The second's the way I should have preferred it.
The first is the fact: the second the fiction.
God and the reader, make your selection!

I.

A certain painter (what was his name?
Lawrence or Millais—it's all the same.
I mean the man who begins with Art
And ends with daubs of the great and the smart).
Let's call him X (for God after all
Must content Himself with a numeral
When He tries to ticket the millions
Of the creatures who call themselves his sons—
So the poet than God will go one better
By allowing his creature the use of a letter).
Well, X was a man no better or worse
Than Y who wrote patriotic verse,
Explaining the duty of poetry was
To run to the aid of the conquering cause.

X thought that the visible world would break
 Into spears of light for Society's sake,
 Nor saw behind broken lights the light
 In which all colours beat one great white,
 Nor felt beyond shadows the steady shade
 That does not move—and he was not afraid.
 He took his pencil out and his brush,
 And he heard the Universe whisper "Hush,
 Behold the Master!" so still, so still
 He could almost hear one daffodil
 Sway in the clump of grass by the easel
 Till a rabbit shrieked in the grip of a weasel.
 Well, Y was a manly sort of creature,
 And he merely said of the rabbit "That's nature."
 But of X and his brush and the beauty that trod
 Where the rabbit was butchered he thought "That's
 His later productions (vide the Press) [God."
 Were a triumph of British tenderness,
 Which his critics maliciously call the habit
 (But don't mind them) of ignoring the rabbit.

II.

There was a painter whom we'll call Z,
 Whose heart was always too much for his head.
 His painting was faithful, but undramatic,
 And he died, as such painters should, in an attic.
 Take for example this proof of his spirit,
 Which shows him an idiot or something near it.
 That day Z watched the unfrequented sun
 Whisperingly solicit the heaths, as one
 Who after separation feels the warm
 Heart at his heart in the beloved's arm,
 And beauty that comes but once and lingers
 Less than a heart-beat, touched his fingers,
 And breathed, as a girl might, leaning over—
 "Take me, oh take me and keep me, my lover,"
 And the world grew so still, so deep the hush
 You could almost hear the stroke of the brush,
 You could almost hear deep down in the grasses
 The far sweet foot that had trodden Parnassus,
 You could almost hear growing fainter and fainter
 Pan call to Apollo, but our poor painter—
 He heard the rabbit caught by the weasel,
 And tore up his canvas and broke his easel.
 But when he died the invaluable Press,
 True to its motto, "De Mortuis,"
 Included our painter in the list
 As "Z, better known as a Pacifist."

H. W.

CORRESPONDENCE

IRELAND AND MARTIAL LAW.

SIR,—In spite of the repeated assurances of the Government for the last few months that the Irish situation is "well in hand" and "under serious consideration by the Authorities," etc., it is now patent to everybody that the situation in Ireland is well-nigh desperate. Unless some dramatic change takes place not merely soon, but at once, the tragedy will reach its inevitable climax of ruin for the island and starvation for a large number of the inhabitants. I am not posing as a political prophet, but merely watching the trend of events from the impartial standpoint of a spectator who sees the two sides of the game, as it is played over here and over there.

To begin with, the Government has perpetrated blunder upon blunder. To mention the most glaring, I need only mention the Prime Minister's bland contention a few weeks ago that we were not at war, in any sense of the term, with Ireland, and his recent statement in Parliament that it was impossible to grant an inquiry into "reprisals" for the reason that a state of war practically existed in Ireland at the present time. The period between these two pronouncements was so short that it is futile to argue that circumstances had altered to such an extent as to justify a complete change of front. The position then was precisely the same as now. The only explanation is that the Government is being dragged along the road to ruin in the wake of Sinn Féin, with no well-defined

policy beyond that of spasmodically crying "Wait and see" and "Too late."

The statesmanlike procedure was then, and is now, to proclaim martial law in Ireland, and issue a solemn warning that drum-head court martial would come in force immediately in all cases of murder and incitement to murder of officials of the Crown. This would do more to stop the prowess of the skulkers behind hedges than anything else. As the position is at present, the mere suspicion of a responsible Government tacitly encouraging reprisals of any kind is humiliating to the Empire as a whole, and decidedly dangerous from an international aspect. Even the Russian autocracy at its worst made a show of constituted authority in hunting down political criminals. The point I am urging is that proclamation of martial law in Ireland would prevent all possibility of suspicion and legalise the necessary penalties that must be enforced against bare-faced murderers who do not fight honourably in the open, but take pot-shots behind a hedge and a wall. Instead of being strong, determined to govern, and firm of purpose, the Government through its timidity, vacillation, and inability to see ahead has practically abrogated its primary functions, and in this sense is directly responsible for the Irish tragedy. Let us turn to the other side, and analyse the deciding factors. The first consideration is the psychology of the pure Irishman, who is a really interesting study. He is sharp, keen, humorous, but at bottom absolutely deficient in steadfastness, and a prey to moods, whims, and fancies. If he had Sinn Féin to-morrow, he would not rest until he had split up the country into local governments, dwindling at last to parish councils, each scheming against the other and frittering time and energy in petty squabbles. The Irishman cannot in any sense be considered a constituent member of a civilised community—meaning by that term a body of which the individual members acknowledge themselves to be a part. In the United States, it is exactly the same so far as the Irishman is concerned.

To the blot of the Irishman's psychology is added the fault of his religion. In no country in Europe, not even in Spain, has the priest such hold upon the ignorance of the peasant, and in no country in Europe is the priest so ignorant, and narrow-minded and cunning for his own worldly ends as the Irish priest. However unpalatable such an assertion may be, it is true.

It is high time that the Irish question should be put in its proper perspective before the Empire as a whole and the world in general. There has been far too much hesitation and leniency in dealing with the unblushing lies and impudent cunning associated with "liberty" for Ireland. To take only one instance, McSwiney, who chose to commit suicide, was declared to have been "murdered by the foreigner." After all, there is such a thing as justice between man and man and nation and nation. McSwiney plotted against the life of individuals and the well-being of the community. He was caught, and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. He deliberately commits suicide out of spite and vexation, because the Government just mustered sufficient will to assert itself. That is the plain fact. It was a case of will against will, and force against force. It is not only ridiculous, but childish, to whine, because an opponent has got the better of you. The Irishman believes in, and resorts to, force. At bottom he knows perfectly well that British laws and justice are good enough for him. Why then does he make all this bother? Because of his psychology and his religion.

EVOLUTIONIST.

ITALY AND THE SOCIALISTS.

SIR,—The result of the recent municipal elections throughout Italy is worthy of record. The Socialists are badly beaten everywhere and there is a strong reaction in favour of the Conservatives. Italy has distinctly rejected Bolshevism, and the "general strike" is becoming a discredited weapon—a weapon *à rire*.

The Nation turns again to the House of Savoy as of old with a new contempt for the decaying democracy that taints the country.

WALTER PHELPS DODGE.

FLEECING THE PUBLIC?

SIR,—Once when I was visiting a City church, I came by chance on to a class of children supervised by a curate. His questions elicited from time to time the amount of information or edification which could be extracted from his youthful auditory. One of them ran, "What, children, was the special faculty of St. Matthew?" A pause followed, and then a thin voice piped up, "Please, sir; he made money." Just the answer I should have expected in the City. The business of its population is to make money. Now, as I have no doubt of the expert character of your City article, I viewed last week with some satisfaction the reassuring sentence, "Administrative conditions in this country render the systematic fleecing of the public impossible." But is this, indeed so? There is at least suspicion of some of the profits made on articles of universal consumption. Otherwise, commissions would not be appointed to consider whether these profits were justified. I find it difficult to believe that a reel of cotton really ought to cost ten times as much as it did; and this view is shared by the ordinary housewife. The cotton magnates of this country make enormous profits, and pay colossal dividends. Of course, I understand that it is partly their acute management which arranges these successes for themselves and the shareholders; and that there are advantages in a large combine. But it results also in the absence of that healthy competition which lowers charges. The combine—I do not care whether it is called a "trust" or not—squeezes out all lesser competitors. It has the market in its hands, and can, subject to Government control, dictate prices. Now comes the main point to my mind. How much is it entitled to make and hand over to its shareholders, when dealing with an article of universal consumption, and putting up prices which penalise heavily the poorest workers in the country? What is the limit of *reasonable* percentage? Is there any limit? Do shareholders who make 20 per cent. and more out of a commodity of universal use feel no qualms about doing so in times of general distress? The Australian Government limited the profits to be made, I believe, during two years of the war. I do not know whether this legislation has been continued; but a great many people in this country are worse off than they were during the war. They had no chance to join in the money gamble after the Armistice. They had, and have, little chance or ability to express their views. But it does not follow that these views can be safely neglected. You will probably notice from these remarks that I am quite ignorant of City affairs; but allow me to add that I am not a Socialist.

G. D. G.

LAWN TENNIS IN SCHOOLS.

SIR,—In your issue of the 23rd October reference is made in your sports section to the rival claims of tennis and cricket as national games. The proposal to introduce tennis into our public schools has been somewhat to the fore of late, and this proposal apparently meets with the approval of your writer on sport, although he is careful to dissociate himself from the idea that it should in any way supersede cricket. He is obviously greatly in favour of the retention of cricket as one of our national school games. He is only in favour of tennis at the schools, as a game for those who do not like cricket, and would otherwise be idle. I venture to suggest that, even with this reservation, its introduction is undesirable for the following reasons.

I am a keen tennis player myself, and much prefer it to cricket; but nevertheless I realise that of the two games cricket is far more beneficial from the point of view of character development; and it is in the schools that the future manhood is developing. In tennis there can never be the same *esprit de corps*, or what in English may be termed "team spirit," as there is in cricket.

In cricket one plays for one's side essentially, and the self-assertion of the individual occupies a relatively subordinate position. The same cannot be said of tennis. One cannot exaggerate the importance of this at the present time and those coming, in which the spirit of co-operation is seen to be so necessary in the solution of many of our present evils. If one admits this, is it not desirable that cricket (and football) should be fostered as much as possible in our schools? The introduction of tennis, as an alternative summer sport, might easily attract any growing boy from cricket who would otherwise pursue it, and who would thus miss opportunities for character development which tennis cannot offer. If cricket is the only game available, those who do not at first like it may learn to like it, and the idle ones should be persuaded to take their part. There is the danger that tennis may prove increasingly attractive, and that cricket may eventually be relegated to a subordinate position.

What does it matter if the tennis championship does fall to one who is not a Briton? After all, we have done well, and the game will certainly not be neglected because it is not played in the schools. National character is far more important than pre-eminence in a particular branch of sport, and the Briton is known all the world over as one of the best sportsmen in the world. It is the sense of fairness and justice that is implied, when one says this; and cricket has helped to produce it.

Let us therefore adhere to a policy which has brought us success and a good name, and not be tempted to change it for one with very doubtful advantages.

H. S. LEFTWICH.

TRUST HOUSES, LTD.

SIR,—I notice in your issue of the 6th inst. you are good enough to refer to the work of this company. May I ask you to state that the company also has lately undertaken very considerable operations in Scotland, and it may interest your readers to know that none of the areas in which our houses are situated has gone dry, as the result of the recent voting. I entirely agree with you that our work is even more valuable in Scotland and more required than in this country, though the action of the Licensing Justices in Scotland is not generally calculated to encourage reform of public-houses, seeing that they generally take up the attitude that anything that interferes with the operation of drinking is to be deprecated.

A. F. PART,
Managing Director.

"MICHELANGELO" AND OTHER SPELLINGS.

SIR,—Unfortunately I am not qualified to be "a stickler for Italian pedantry." My letter was intended to explain why Roscoe always spelt the name "Michelagnolo," and was written before your other correspondent's letter appeared. His knowledge is far greater than mine. Is it not probable that English critics, and, following them, the 'Authors' and Printers' Dictionary' prefer to use 'Michelangelo' because English tongues can pronounce it fairly well, whereas "Michelagnolo" would become Michel-Aggh-Know-Low in the mouths of those unacquainted with the Italian gn and the Italian o?

H. B. D.

SPIRITUALISM.

SIR,—I beg to thank you for publishing my letter asking for the discovery of a medium who would show us here a table moving abnormally, and enable us to hear abnormal raps.

I have also consulted a considerable number of people on the subject. I enclose a list of those consulted which I authorize you to show anyone, privately, if scientifically interested.

The result, so far as I am personally concerned, is that no such medium can be found in England.

F. C. CONSTABLE.

∴ A letter from Commander Burney's solicitors, received too late for the present issue, will appear next week.

REVIEWS

A POET, AND A PEDANT.

The Loeb Classical Library—Martial, Epigrams. With an English translation by Walter C. A. Kerr. Vol. 2.—The Correspondence of Marcus Cornelius Fronto. Edited and for the first time translated into English by C. R. Haines. Vol. 2. Heinemann. Each 10s. net.

THE Loeb Library has doubled in price since it started, but that is the fault of the times, and it remains the handiest and safest of guides to lovers of Greek and Latin. The two volumes we select complete the issue of the renderings of Martial, and of the correspondence which passed, for the most part, between Marcus Aurelius and his tutor. For the Martial the world of cultivated men, little heard of to-day, but still, we hope, worth considering, owes warm thanks to Mr. Kerr. He has put into English the wit and finesse, the sharp-cut epigram of an acute observer who is surprisingly modern in his criticism of a decadent society. Turning over the pages, we feel that we might be in the London of to-day instead of the Rome of Domitian. It is true that many of Martial's disgusting sexual jests have to be shrouded in Italian. It is true also that Martial is no gentleman, but what the Scot calls a "sorner," a sponger always complaining that he does not get presents and dinners as handsome as he expects. He is capable of doing anything to get on, and flattering a rich upstart in order to reach "Cæsar's sacred ear." Indeed, he exhausts the vocabulary of compliment and humbug concerning the deified Emperor in a way that must shock a reasonable reader. But in spite of all this, we like the rogue, and he knows it. He has another vein in his verses, addresses to friends in which he exhibits the philosophy of a happy man, the value of the cheerful recollections which belong to a life well lived, the joys of a simple country existence, and the wisdom of not being too intimate with anyone:—

"Nulli te facias nimium sodalem."

Dog-lovers know the truth of that when with torn hearts they have to part from their faithful companions. Freedom from the pestering attentions of society and the humbug of cultivating friends you do not want to see are favourite themes with Martial. His friend Maximus wishes to be free by his own account; but Martial knows that he does not. He can be free, if he will refuse to dine abroad, quench his thirst with inferior wine, laugh at gold plate, and content himself with a poor *toga*. In Rome, as in London to-day, it was difficult to find time to see a man who lived quite near you. As for those further off, how modern is the caller's complaint, "I'd go two miles to find you in, but four to find you out!" The newly rich—freemen of the Emperor's court in those days, not war profiteers—yet bear the same stigmata of vulgar display and bad manners. Martial has hit off the fashionable week-enders who "carts to his palatial villa cabbages, eggs, fowls, apples, cheese. . . Ought this to be called country, or a town-house out of town?" His women are not attractive, as a rule, or too attractive to be honest. Centuries of cultivation have not put this type out of fashion:—

"So beautiful you are,
So very vile and common;
I wish you plainer far,
Or else a better woman."

He has the taste to declare that the best dinner is that without music. His native district in Spain was well known for good schools, and he had a much better equipment for writing than the fashionable author. He found too many people of quality in the writing business, and recognised that it was far from lucrative to an honest poet. Auctioneers and architects did better in these days, and doubtless do better now. Yet few writers can have been more tactful than Martial. He knew precisely what an author should be, how he should treat critics and patrons, and what

disarming modesty he should exhibit concerning his own works. He knew that writing was a difficult art, and perfection an impossible ideal. "'Tis easy to write epigrams nicely, but to write a book is hard," and when it is written, a book is "mostly bad." "Take all your book, and there are thirty bad epigrams in it. If so many are good, Lausus, the book is a good one." These are the hints of a good critic whose epigrams are still a model. Our age requires "Truth smoothly told, and pleasantly severe"; and we think it a pity that so few now use verse for this kind of comment. Perhaps Mr. Kerr's translation will inspire some Pope of to-day; but he will have to look out for the law of libel.

Fronto, the tutor of Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus, had a great reputation as a pleader in the Courts and an orator in the Senate; but nothing has survived to enable us to tell how far his fame was justified. Little, in fact, is known of him at all beyond this correspondence, and the references in Aulus Gellius added at the end. The letters were only discovered in the nineteenth century in a fragmentary state, and Mr. Haines has spent a good deal of trouble over text and translation, doing full justice to his author. Fronto was a pedant, lost in verbal quibbles, and his ideas seldom seem worth recording. His affectionate relations with his high-placed pupils are to his credit, but result in a mutual admiration society which may be edifying, but grows very tedious. The compliments and eulogies of the friends on each side are endless. Marcus Aurelius was a disappointment to his Fronto because he would not stick to the study of eloquence, and preferred philosophy. His crabbed style in the 'Meditations' is no commendation of his teacher.

Fronto's views on style and language are of interest to the specialist; but his show piece on Arion is not particularly attractive. He is not an epigrammatist like Seneca. No conscious introducer of archaic words is likely to be a stylist of the first rank; and, whatever Fronto's merit as a master of style may have been to his own age, his matter has now become dull, and must always, we think, have lacked originality. Schoolmasters get into a groove and stick there, heedless of the changing world outside. Fronto's lumbago and sore throat do not interest us in the least. His apology for his own life in his letter on the loss of his grandson is the most human of his performances. What he enjoyed best doubtless was deciding whether "many men" or "many mortals" was a better expression. He foretold the future when he suggested to Marcus the theme of a Roman consul killing beasts in the arena. Marcus objected to this as too improbable, and his own son Commodus did it.

"MARGOT."

The Autobiography of Margot Asquith. With 43 illustrations. Thornton Butterworth. 25s. net.

WE have noticed and corrected from time to time Mrs. Asquith's journalism. As such, it is an undoubted success, and considered so important to-day by the common or urban journalist that views of it were printed two days running, sharing the front page with details of a trial for murder. Mrs. Asquith would certainly not expect a *succès d'estime*: she has secured for the moment a *succès de scandale*; but we cannot endorse her publisher's sanguine estimate of "a lasting place in literature."

This *macédoine* of fact and fiction, sauced with piquant touches of vanity and vulgarity, appears to us less defensible as a book. A book, particularly one written on some of the first figures in the country, should have some solid worth, and represent some substantial judgment. Mrs. Asquith prides herself on saying exactly what she likes, on writing exactly what she thinks; but the result is not often judicious, nor of any importance, except as a tribute to the taste of the age. "I think Lord R. would have . . . if he had not, etc." This sort of thing may be piquant, but it does not matter in the least. Lord R. does not care:

no serious critic cares, and the most that can be expected is that some third-rate pulpits of the baser sort, which seek in sensation the popularity they cannot get out of religion, will preach on Mrs. Asquith's indiscretions.

It is not altogether her fault: she was allowed to run wild at home, and spoilt by great men who were amused at her gaiety, and encouraged what the Greeks called "hubris." "Educated hubris" is Aristotle's definition of the Greek quality of "versatility," a word which includes all-round dexterity in various walks of life, and readiness in repartee. This quality of mind Mrs. Asquith possesses, but none of the Greek taste and moderation to keep it in order. She has travelled far from the ideal woman as conceived by Pericles, of whom least was heard for good or bad. She has reached the limit of self-assertiveness and self-advertisement. Amongst other things, she talks about private prayers—nothing is sacred to her all-devouring Diary—and that reminds us of the admirable American preacher who prayed, "O Lord! give us self-complacency, that most precious of all Thy gifts!" It is a gift which has hitherto been most notably exhibited by our public mimes. To throw bouquets at oneself would seem to be difficult, and ought to be impossible. But vanity to-day can do impossible things; and, after all, it makes the world go round.

The Greeks had a proverb expressing hate of the table companion who remembered things. What would become of the world, if all the idle jests, the chaff, the deliberate paradox and exaggeration of the moment was set down in cold print as solid and serious opinions—all lacking the smile or demure glance which annotated and explained them? Even the "interview," in which the willing victim knows the destination of his talk, turns out to be grossly unfair. And casual conversation, even when it is reported correctly, is almost sure to produce an unfair impression. It is not veracious: it is not meant to be so. Removing ourselves to the serene air of an earlier age, when personal journalism was not a lucrative business, we recall a dialogue Reynolds wrote between himself and Johnson. They were discussing Garrick, and proceeded thus:—

"Reynolds: But, Dr. Johnson.

Johnson: Hold, sir, I have often lamented how dangerous it is to investigate and discriminate character, to men who have no discriminative powers.

Reynolds: But Garrick, as a companion, I heard you say—no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mrs. Thrale's table—

Johnson: You tease me, sir. Whatever you heard me say, no longer ago than last Wednesday, at Mrs. Thrale's table, I tell you I do not say so now; besides, as I said before, you may not have understood me, you misapprehended me, you may not have heard me.

Reynolds: But I am very sure I heard you.

Johnson: Besides, besides, sir, besides—do you not know—are you so ignorant as not to know—that it is the highest degree of rudeness to quote a man against himself?"

That belongs to the eighteenth century; at the beginning of the twentieth Mark Twain was writing of "the rickety minds of men who envy the criminal his vast notoriety." We live in an age when people in high places must, it seems, be notorious, and "rickety minds" must be fed with details of their private lives. Thank Heaven, we are neither prominent nor eminent; we can

"move thro' troops of unrecording friends."

This book is a freak, not a precedent. A few more of the sort, and Society could not go on. Society will not tolerate scribbling in this vein:—

"Proclaim the faults he would not show,
Break lock and seal: betray the trust;
Keep nothing sacred: 'tis but just
The many-headed beast should know."

The new philosophers of the "Ego" declare that,

the more candidly it is exposed, the better the world ought to be pleased. If we could choose the particular "Ego" to be exposed, the resulting book would fascinate us. But not all "Egos" are fit for extended indulgence, just as it is not the duty of everybody to be photographed.

ETHICS AND ECONOMICS.

Fundamentals in Sexual Ethics. By S. Herbert, M.D. Black.

THE present-day is extraordinarily frank in discussing such questions as prostitution, vice, and disease, probably as a rebound from the exaggerated "Hush hush" attitude of the seventies and eighties; we may not know more, but we certainly talk more about these things, and sometimes with good sense. For that reason Dr. Herbert's book will be widely read. It is not particularly original—at least it contains no facts that are not known to the average student of the subject—but it is courageous in its treatment. Unfortunately, it is incomplete in many respects where a larger treatment was really essential.

In the chapter on State Endowment of Motherhood, for example, the author is quite excellent on the social problem, but we look in vain for any effective discussion of the economic aspect. Yet the economic aspect is particularly important to-day. One may take this as a concrete instance of a new idea on which most people have not definitely made up their minds, because they have not thought about it very much. They may be prejudiced one way or the other, either because it sounds socialistic, or is advocated—rather gingerly, we believe—by the Labour Party, or because they believe that in some vague way it will make for higher rates, or for natural progress. But it has never become a living issue on which elections are fought, and in that sense it is an open question. Now it does not help very much when we find a medical man advocating State Endowment of Motherhood on ethico-medical grounds, while economists denounce it on ethico-economic grounds. It is quite useless for the doctor to say that the economic aspect is none of his business—Dr. Herbert, it is true, does not specifically say so—and for the economist to say that the medical aspect is no concern of his. We have to do the best we can with the resources, human and pecuniary, at our command, and it is the business of the experts in rival spheres either to agree, or to prove that the other side is wrong.

In that respect the whole of this book, although extremely interesting and informative, suffers from not being broad enough. Ethics, defined as the standard of conduct, are largely shaped by economic laws, which in turn are the result of natural conditions and artificial adjustments; and sexual ethics, no less than the rest, depend to a great extent on economics.

The economic helplessness of the ordinary married woman is a case in point, and it is here that the propositions of the average feminist writer strike one as divorced from reality. The feminist hears that some men skimp the housekeeping allowance, or cut down the dress-money, or refuse to allow their wives any definite sum; and forthwith the proposition is made that every wife should be entitled to a fixed proportion—it is generally stated as half—of the husband's income. How is this thing to be done? In the working-classes the man usually hands over most of his wages to the wife, keeping back enough for beer and tobacco, and an occasional flutter; in that sense the woman gets the bulk of the income, but she has to settle practically all the expenses of keeping the home going. In the middle-classes she has an allowance, as a rule; but what judge or jury can say if it is adequate, until they know the amount of the husband's income, whether it is regular or fluctuating, and what the wife is expected to provide out of it? Yet upon these considerations depends the economic position of the wife. In the matter of pensions for mothers, for example, we do not see it will do a household much good if the woman receives an allowance for each baby, while the husband's income-tax goes up to pay

the allowance. There may be sense in robbing Peter to pay Paul, but to tax the father in order to subsidise the mother is not a very helpful proceeding.

If the State is to endow motherhood, we do not see how the logical corollary is to be avoided that the State has the right to regulate the number of births in each family. But frankly one does not see how it is to be done. Mr. and Mrs. A. B., admirable citizens luxuriating in a permanent post in the Civil Service, are given by formal certificate of the Under-Secretary for Maternity, permission to produce five children; Mr. and Mrs. Y. Z., less fortunately placed in holy orders, receive a permit to produce three children, four if he becomes a rural dean, and six, if he is preferred to a Colonial bishopric. If the wretched A.B. exceeds his allowance, what is to be the penalty? Is he to be dismissed the Civil Service? Is the miserable curate to do penance, because his wife has a penchant for twins, a luxury which would presumably be restricted to archdeacons? If the father is to be fined for excess of zeal, it is not much use giving the mother a bonus.

There is incidentally another difficulty. If the bonus were given now, when the birth-rate is high, the addition to the national expenditure would be a very serious item; but if we wait till the birth-rate falls, the only historical precedent that we know of suggests that a bonus will make little difference in a stationary population. It is the fact that the system was tried in French Canada in the old days, when the French authorities at Paris were alarmed at the stagnation of Quebec in comparison with the growth of New England; but the pecuniary reward made little difference to marital fertility.

On the physiological factors in sexual ethics, Dr. Herbert is naturally fully informed, and this part of his book is quite admirable; on the psychic side his position is not always tenable, and appears occasionally to require modification or fuller treatment.

LEVER'S COUNTRYMEN.

The Irishman. By Oliver Blyth. Eveleigh Nash. 7s. 6d. net.

LIKE most of the output of the New Irish Literature, this book is an "ugly" one. Its hero is a peasant who accepts a hundred pounds from a superior blackguard of the village as compensation for the seduction of his sister. Thus fortified, he makes his way to Dublin, where he gets mixed up with the Abbey Theatre (thinly disguised as the Tower Theatre), becomes an actor, and drinks and fraternizes with its literary following. One of this community expounds the new Irish literary ideal in the following words:

"If you want to write, you must come and live with us; as the saying is, you must descend to our level and become a swine, for only then can you get your snout, so to speak, under the muck of life and root it up for the world to see."

The hero acts on this advice to the best of his ability, immerses himself in a succession of erotic episodes, none of them particularly savoury, and goes to New York and gets a job as a stage carpenter. Meanwhile, he has been dabbling in literature, writing plays and sketches and drinking heavily, and at last he returns to Ireland and his native village and breaks the heart of the one "good woman" who has loved him. At the end we meet him being congratulated by the Tower Theatre friends on being the author of "the greatest Irish novel." It is all very queer, and, as Turgenev's name is mentioned several times, it sets the reader inevitably thinking of Russia. But it is Ireland sure enough, from the priest who arranges the £100 affair down to the customers of the village "pub," who feast upon each other's characters, behind their backs, "like flies upon a festering sore." There seems to be no such thing as love in the hearts of these people. All is hate and its kindred passion of jealousy and spite: hatred of Ireland, of England, of themselves, of everything. The book is powerful in its gloomy way, and there is a sort of pathos in the

central figure doomed by parentage and environment to tragic happenings, but what a country is delineated and what a people! And they are the countrymen of the man who wrote 'Charles O'Malley' and 'Harry Lorriquer'!

A ROMANCE OF THE DIRECTORY.

The Yellow Poppy. By D. K. Broster. Duckworth. 9s. 6d. net.

OF novels about the French Revolution there have been enough and to spare; but the Directory, we think, has been rarely utilized in fiction, and we are all the more ready to welcome an exception which deals with that curious period of "re-construction." The atmosphere is that appropriate to romance, and has a touch of the joviality which has distinguished all our best romantic writers from Scott downwards. There is, on the other hand, not much of a love-interest in the usual sense. The two protagonists, *ci-devants* both, are a married couple of long standing, and when the story opens, have for years been living apart under assumed names; he as a leader in the confederacy of Breton royalists, she in the humbler character of a working woman or *petite bourgeoisie*. Each believes the other to be dead, and at heart cherishes a bitter regret for misunderstandings which had clouded their earlier life together. A reconciliation, skilfully led up to, takes place between them, but their happiness is not of long duration; for through a breach of faith on the part of Napoleon, then First Consul, the husband loses his life.

MUSIC NOTES

PRACTICAL MUSICAL PATRONAGE.—We are not very enamoured of the word "Patron" (with a capital P), and although it is meant in this instance to refer to the late King Edward, we cannot help wishing that Sir Ernest Palmer, the generous founder of the "Patron's Fund" operated by the Royal College of Music, had not been too modest to call it by his own name. Far more important, however, is the manner of carrying into effect the excellent purposes of this Fund; and we were somewhat relieved to hear from the lips of the Director of the R.C.M. the other night a frank promise of better things in the future. It was good to learn that some lighter and more concerted works are to be done, thus affording soloists as well as the engaged orchestra opportunity for a display in the arena. Welcome, moreover, was the quiet hint that a subterranean theatre was in course of construction, equipped with all the much-needed stage accessories for a thorough operatic training; and let us only hope that the trainers will be the right men for their job. Sir Hugh Allen also told us that from 35 to 45 new scores a year can be selected from the lot submitted to the Council for public rehearsal—a really valuable device for enabling young musicians to hear their compositions performed. From these, again, are picked the ones which form the programme of a special concert, such as that given for the first time at the College last week; and this concert it is that furnishes the supreme test of merit. Unfortunately the selection in the present case had not been made with quite the necessary spirit of eclecticism, or it would not have overloaded the scheme with pieces so far below the general level of excellence as Mr. Frederic Lawrence's tone-poem, 'A Miracle' (ten minutes of

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excruciating discord); Mr. Speaight's 'Two Songs' (daring and superfluous re-settings of old stanzas, sung by Miss Dorothy Silk, who had no idea what to do with them); and three excerpts from Mr. Albert Coates's opera, 'The Myth Beautiful.' These last had not been properly rehearsed though, and, thanks to that, the prelude was stopped in the middle, the second (strangely entitled 'The Dance of the oldest Satyr in all the World') was omitted altogether, and the third, a lengthy epilogue, Mr. Coates, forgetting the hour, calmly decided *motu proprio* to play over again. Some of the other things, as conducted by Mr. Adrian Boult with infinite care and unflagging spirit, came much better through the ordeal. We could perceive something like real inspiration, something more than mere mastery of orchestral detail and colour, in the symphonic poem by Mr. L. A. Collingwood, the 'Fantasy-Overture,' by Mr. W. McNaught, the 'Three Miniatures' by Mr. J. Gerrard Williams, and the 'Bergamask' dance by Miss Jane Joseph. On such as these the 'Palmer Patronage' was not wasted.

THE MAHARANI OF TIKARI'S RECITAL.—The fame of the Maharani had not previously reached us, but it is not every day that the wife of an Indian potentate gives a vocal recital in London on strictly professional lines, and we went to the Æolian Hall to hear her with mingled feelings of curiosity and expectation. With the assistance of Signor Manlio di Veroli, she addressed herself without fuss to the rendering of a recital programme of the now accepted conventional type. At the head of this stood Schubert's 'Allegro Assai,' played (and well played) by the English String Quartet, so that the introductory note was wholly promising; but unfortunately disappointment came with the opening bars of the Maharani's first solo, the air 'L'amero' from Mozart's 'Il Re Pastore,' which her popular countrywoman, Dame Melba, used to sing in days gone by to the violin *obbligato* of the great Joseph Joachim. We tried hard not to expect too much, but, alas, it was the piece itself that was the singer's undoing. Her delivery of the simple old bit of *cantilena* was lacking in well-nigh everything that it required, not least a real voice, a pure tone, a smooth legato, a just intonation. It was not alone in the Mozart, however, that the Maharani of Tikari made one regret her bold venture. We heard her in other things—in French songs sung with a strange accent, in Mr. Granville Bantock's delicate 'Songs from the Chinese,' and in one Indian song with an ineffective English translation—all given in the same uninteresting, amateurish manner. Nothing that she did vocally was half so good as the recitation which she proffered for an encore.

Among recent recitals possessing artistic distinctiveness was that given by Miss Gertrude Blomfield, a singer who has made much progress. She was ably assisted by Mr. Felix Salmond and Mr. Harold Craxton, who together did excellent work in the duet sonata by Ropartz. A good impression was made by Miss Laurie O'Beirne and Miss Kathleen Levi in a capital programme of sonatas and pieces for violin and piano given at Wigmore Hall last week. Miss O'Beirne is an unusually talented young violinist; she plays perfectly in tune, while her style has an element of spontaneity and impulse, without the slightest trace of jerkiness or roughness, that is decidedly unusual.

Mr. Josef Hofmann's visit, which has been marked by a steady crescendo of successes, came to an end, so far as recitals are concerned, at Queen's Hall on Tuesday. The Handel-Brahms variations and groups of Chopin and Scriabin figured in a scheme well chosen for the display of the player's special gifts. Our musical annals offer no other parallel case since Liszt of a pianist who came first as a boy prodigy, afterwards returning as a fully-matured artist to find himself hailed as such with unstinted praise. We hope to hear Mr. Hofmann soon again.

At the second concert of the London Symphony Orchestra on Monday Mr. Holst's mammoth orchestral work, 'The Planets,' crossed the sky—not a very Milky Way, musically speaking—for the first time in all the complete glory of its Olympian magnitude. What this experience added to our original impressions we hope to state when space allows. Just ahead of the procession, oddly enough, came Liszt's 'Dance of Death' ('Todtentanz'), with M. Siloti prancing upon the piano the almost unplayable variations on the 'Dies Irae' which Sir George Henschel revived at St. James's Hall in 1888. M. Siloti played the Liszt magnificently, but made the mistake of repeating nearly half of it as an encore. 'The Planets' occupied an hour in performance, and created a very different impression from that recorded after hearing previous fragmentary instalments. It is, in sooth, a work of colossal dimensions, and, if more original in treatment than in musical ideas or thematic material, is so brimful of clever and grandiose effects that one ignores their occasional discordance and admires only what is nobly-conceived, beautiful, and significant. Of this there is plenty, as Mr. Coates made clearly perceptible in a remarkably fine rendering of the seven movements; and after the 'Jupiter' section there was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm, which brought Mr. Holst to the platform.

The Saturday Review

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SPORT

'Amateur riders are the backbone of 'cross-country sport and it is therefore unsatisfactory to find so very few of them. One explanation is said to be that the less practised are sensitive to the criticism which their efforts might provoke. As to that, they might well disregard the comments of writers who would probably not themselves show to any great advantage in the saddle, and there is no reason why the amateurs of to-day should mind what their predecessors used not to mind in the least at a time when they were numerous. The National Hunt Committee, which governs steeple-chasing, has very properly been taking steps to check the sham amateur, the jockey in transparent disguise who makes a livelihood out of what is to him a business. That is well as far as it goes; but we want more men who are what they profess to be, and one new rule which has been drafted, if not passed, hardly assists the desirable object. This is to refuse the title of amateur to any rider who trains horses other than his own. As it happens, there are a very few genuine amateurs, men who race for pure love of the game. They might like to take a horse or two for a friend to train with their own and there is surely nothing in this opposed to the spirit of strict amateurism?

* For the 139th Derby, that is to say the celebration of 1922, entries for which have lately been published, there are 381 subscribers. For next year's Derby there are 352; for that won by Spion Kop, who may or may not have been the best horse in the race—the best horse has not seldom been beaten—there were 260; but when the 1920 Derby closed it was not certain that there would be any Epsom Meeting. With few exceptions the owners bear familiar names. His Majesty nominates four for the 1922 race, including a son of his Friar Marcus, the best two-year-old of his season, who retained his speed, but like so many other speedy colts, could not stay well enough to hold his own in the classic races. Lord Derby has put in five, Lord Durham contents himself with one. Lord Rosebery is responsible for four, as is Lord Glanely, the latter quintet including the son of The Tetrarch and Blue Tit, for whom he gave 14,500 guineas at the Doncaster yearling sales. Most chances in the lottery have been secured by the Russian sportsman, Mr. Mantacheff—who is to be congratulated on having escaped with a bank balance—and by Mr. A. K. Macomber. They nominate ten, which is one more than Sir A. Bailey's lot. Lady owners are scarcely as numerous as the study of the average racecard would suggest; but there are a dozen.

Ray and Vardon, hot from their victories on American turf, have returned with strange tales on their tongues about the American amateurs. It is evident from their remarks that they consider our own amateurs to be in a lower category than Mr. "Chick" Evans and Mr. "Bobby" Jones, and if—as we hope and believe—these two gentlemen come over to play in our amateur championship next spring, there is little likelihood of their being beaten. Still, Mr. Tolley did the trick this year, and "you never can tell." Just how to improve our own amateur standard it is difficult to say. Our players cannot specialise, even if they desired, to the same extent as the Americans, who are amateurs in nothing but name. We mean no offence by this; it is the truth. We need some enthusiastic and benevolent millionaire in this country to come forward as the patron of our young hopefuls, if we wish to rival the U.S. in this respect.

Last week we gave here the constitution of a special committee convened for the purpose of carrying out all details and arrangements in connection with the challenge that has been received from the Seawanaka Yacht Club of America to race for a cup in the Solent during the first two weeks of August, 1921, in the 6-Metre

International Class. The negotiations between the two countries have now gone so far that the contest is assured. It will take the form of a team race of four yachts a side, and the yachts of the country winning the greatest number of points in these races will be declared the winners. It is also proposed that the contest be continued until one or other of the countries represented shall have won the cup two years in succession after the first race in 1921, when the cup would become the absolute property of the winning country. The races will be held alternately in England and America, irrespective of results. The committee have decided to hold Eliminating Trials in the 6-Metre International Class, in the Solent, commencing on the 18th July, in order to select four yachts to represent Great Britain.

The following yachtsmen have already placed orders:—Mr. T. C. Glencoats (building to his own design), Mr. F. J. Stephens (building to his own design), Mr. Frank Robinson (yacht designed and built by Fife of Fairlie), Mr. Algernon Maudslay and Mr. Thomas Westray (yacht designed and built by Fife of Fairlie). Others have signified their intention of building, but have not actually placed their orders.

The M.C.C. team continue to do well in Australia, having beaten Victoria by an innings and fifty-nine runs. Hobbs compiled a careful century without giving a chance, and Hendren and Hearne both did well. The Victorians' collapse at the hands of Rhodes and Woolley in their second innings reminds us of the wonderful performance of Pougher on a damaged wicket at Lord's against the Australians years ago. The M.C.C. have not yet met the sternest stuff in Australia, but their initial successes augur well, and silence those critics who considered them too weak as a bowling side. Both as batsmen and bowlers, they have done well. In their next engagement they are meeting several test-match players, and it will be interesting to watch results.

The unseemly practice of "barracking" appears to be quite an accepted thing among Australian cricket crowds. It is not entirely unknown in this country, but only occurs here in extenuating circumstances. In Australia, however, every catch missed, every ball fumbled, seems to be the signal for an outburst of complaint from the crowd. It is done quite good-humouredly, but is none the less objectionable. In England it is considered bad taste for an onlooker to interfere with a game of cricket, or to express any audible opinion on the players. But the Australian cricket crowd has apparently sunk to the level of our Association football crowd. What the effect must be on players who, like our visiting team, are unaccustomed to such methods, it is easy to imagine. But they seem to take it all in good spirit. And the crowds are obviously impartial, and as quick to praise as to damn. Where they are likely to fail, as Mr. Warner complained in this country, is in criticising slow and careful play, when it is the right method.

As the Rugby season advances, the weakness of the London clubs in their three-quarter lines becomes painfully evident. Guy's are the exception, and, on occasions, Blackheath. The rest of them offer a depressing display of grass-cutting passes, cross-running and blind kicking into touch. The O.M.T.'s ought to be quite a good team, what with an honest set of forwards, well led by Huskisson, and a sound stand-off half and full-back in the veterans Cheesman and Sanders. But, their three-quarters constantly failing them, they have not been as successful as their supporters could wish. Under these conditions, a reversion to the old dribbling game seems correct policy. "Feet, Scottish, feet!" was the cry on the Richmond Athletic Ground last Saturday, and it paid, despite Wakefield's tireless exertions for the Harlequins. Stoop tactics are futile, without Lamberts and Birketts to carry them out.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

- Character and Opinion in the United States. By George Santayana. Constable: 10s. 6d.
 English Wayfaring Life (XIVth Century). By J. J. Jusserand. New Edition. Fisher Unwin: 25s. net.
 Essays on Books. By A. Clutton-Brock. Methuen: 6s. net.
 Over the Fireside, with Silent Friends. By Richard King. Lane: 6s. net.
 Pilgrim Papers. By Robert Keable. Christophers: 6s. net.
 School Talks in Peace and War. By J. H. Badley. Blackwell: 7s. 6d. net.
 Shelley and Calderon, and Other Essays on English and Spanish Poetry. By Salvadore de Madariaga. Constable: 15s. net.

HISTORY.

- Ancient World, The. By A. Malet. Hodder and Stoughton: 5s. net.
 Experiences of a Dug-Out. By Major-General Sir C. E. Callwell. Constable: 18s. net.
 General Staff and its Problems, The. By General Ludendorff. Two vols. Hutchinson: 34s. net.
 History of the War, A. By H. C. O'Neill. Jack: 12s. 6d. net.

SOCIOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Credit, Power, and Democracy. By C. H. Douglas and A. R. Orage. Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d. net.
 Enemy Within, The. By Severance Johnson. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.
 Germany in Revolution. By L. E. Matthaëi. The Swarthmore Press: 2s. 6d. net.
 Imagination—Labour—Civilization. By Einar Sundt. Heine-mann: 20s. net.
 Personal Religion and Politics. By W. H. Carnegie. Murray: 6s. net.
 The Real, the Rational and the Alogical. By E. Belfort Bax. Grant Richards: 10s. 6d. net.
 Why Men Strike. By Samuel Crowther. Harrap: 7s. 6d. net.

THEOLOGY.

- Anglo-Catholics of the Future. By Ralfe Davies. Society of SS. Peter and Paul: 5s. net.
 Christian Preacher, The. By A. E. Garvie. T. and T. Clark: 18s. net.
 The Other Side of Death. By R. G. Macintyre. Macmillan: 8s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

- Aepi and Nefertari. By F. N. W. Hitchings. Robert Scott: 10s. 6d. net.
 Lady Latour, The. By W. I. Morse. The Ryerson Press, Toronto.
 Oxford Poetry, 1920. Blackwell: 2s. net.
 Poems of Motherhood. By Dorothea Still. Blackwell: 2s. 6d. net.
 Psyche. By Evan Morgan. Blackwell: 5s. net.
 Songs of Donegal. By Patrick MacGill. Jenkins: 5s. net.
 Songs and Ballads from Heine. By Alexander Gray. Grant Richards: 6s. net.
 Tinker Tailor. Ballads and Rhymes. By M. Nightingale. Duckworth: 5s. net.

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BOOKS.

BOOKS RARE AND OUT OF PRINT.—Beardsley Early and Later Works, 2 vols., £2 10s. 0d.; Napier's Peninsular War, 6 vols., calf, 1832, £4 10s.; The Satirist, coloured plates, 11 vols., £9 9s. (1808); Beesley's History, Banbury, 1841, 35s.; Bell's Shakespeare, 1785, illustrated, 12 vols., calf, 35s.; Hoppe's Studies from the Russian Ballet, 15 beautiful Studies, 6s., pub. 21s.; Rabelais' Works, 5 vols., 1901, 21s.; Thornton's Americanisms; An American Glossary, 2 vols., 7s. 6d., pub. 30s. 1912; Henry's Finger Prints, 2s. 6d.; Thackeray's Works, 26 vols., Caxton Pub. Co., £4 4s.; Story of the Nations, 65 vols., fine set, £10 10s.; 19 Early Drawings by Aubrey Beardsley, only 150 done, 35s.; Balzac's Droll Stories, illus., 11s.; Salome, illus. by Beardsley, 11s.; Aubrey Beardsley, by Arthur Symonds, large paper copy, 1905, £2 2s.—Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. Send me a list of books you will exchange for others. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16, John Bright Street, Birmingham.

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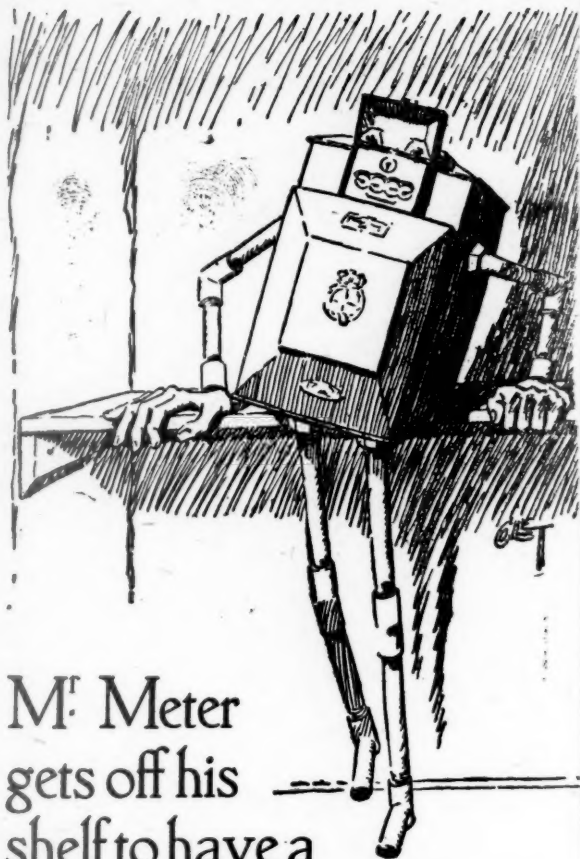
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THE FIFTY-EIGHTH ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the International Financial Society, Ltd., was held on the 15th inst., at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Viscount St. Davids (Chairman of the company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. J. Eldridge) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—I presume you will take the report and accounts as read. (Agreed.) I beg to move: "That the report and accounts of the directors now submitted be received and adopted, and that the dividend recommended therein be declared and paid less tax." It is not necessary for me to say much to-day, because the report before you tells its own tale. We recommend the same dividend as last year and propose to carry forward an increased amount, and we are able to tell you that your capital is intact. That is what the report comes to. During the past year we did not make any issues. As you know, before the war we made a large number of issues. Into those issues we used to examine most carefully; we examined with perhaps unusual care, as regards both the income and the assets, any scheme before we brought it to the notice of the public, and the fact that we examined with care is proved by this—that our issues have stood the test of the war. With the single exception of a small municipal issue for the town of Saratoff in Russia, which defaulted solely because of the revolution in Russia, there is not one of our issues which has defaulted—not one of the issues for which we were responsible—and, moreover, Saratoff before the war was quite a good thing and stood at a premium on the price at which we brought it out.

INDUSTRIAL ISSUES.

Since the war we have done no issue work. There have been some issues which we might have undertaken if they had come before us, but they did not come our way. I think I may say that the great bulk of what has come out since the war have been industrial issues. Now, those issues are undoubtedly good for the country so far as they have resulted in taking a larger amount of the capital of the country into home industries, but from the issue point of view, so far as our view was concerned, we were faced with this, that most of them were based on war profits, and based also, as regards their assets, on valuations of factories and stocks of materials which were made at a time of inflation. I shall not express any opinion as to how investors in the long run are going to fare over this kind of issue. I sincerely hope that investors will do very well out of them, but what we did feel was that they were not the class of issue with which we ourselves used to deal, and that we were too old-fashioned to assume responsibility for them. Gentlemen, I will call upon Mr. Snell to second the resolution.

Mr. M. B. Snell seconded the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

On the motion of Mr. Snell, seconded by Mr. J. S. Austen, the retiring director, Viscount St. Davids, was unanimously re-elected.

On the proposition of Mr. H. Simmonds, seconded by Mr. E. C. Smith, Sir Arthur Whinney and Mr. Frank T. Whinney were reappointed auditors.

Lieut.-Col. W. Parker, D.S.O., proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman, directors and staff, and this was seconded by Mr. Cooper and carried unanimously.

The Chairman having briefly acknowledged the compliment, the proceedings terminated.

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THE CITY

The hope of revival of stock market activity has not yet been realised. Generally speaking, it may confidently be said that the situation is better. The aftermath of lesser strikes which, it was predicted, would follow on that of the coal miners has failed to develop; industry is getting gradually into its stride; the growing confidence in the future of financial interests is exemplified by the steady flow of new and mostly attractive issues; and the purchasing power of a sovereign as measured in food stuffs and clothing is gradually expanding. That all this is not reflected in stock market business is due to several influences, practically all of which are of a passing character, and superficial at that.

Prominent amongst these must be placed the unfortunate collapse of General Wrangel's forces in the Crimea, and the unexpected defeat of the Venezuelists in the Greek elections. These factors in particular have had a disastrous effect on the Paris Bourse, and fears, which proved in a measure justified, of sales from that quarter led not only to a general scaling-down of London quotations, but also to a certain amount of local liquidation. The investing public are giving little enough support, but, on the other hand, they are not selling, so that, except in the case of certain international counters, there is almost a dearth of floating stock. This fact, taken in conjunction with the absence of facilities for speculative business, renders prices all the more ready to respond to any improvement in the general outlook that may develop.

That any pronounced and general improvement will take place before the turn of the year seems very doubtful. One incubus in addition to those already cited is the monetary outlook, which, it has to be admitted, is certainly obscure. The almost imminent problem in this connection is the financing of the Government's requirements. Early next month the payment of War Loan interest will require the provision of no less a sum than fifty millions sterling, and queries are heard in Lombard Street as to what course will be pursued. It is doubtful if so large an amount could be obtained in the market on 6½ per cent. Treasury Bills, and the only alternative would be to borrow from the Bank of England. So large an addition to Ways and Means advances as this would entail is regarded with misgiving, and the more so, in view of the existing low ratio of the Bank's reserve. The Bank's natural remedy would be to raise its discount minimum, but seeing the adverse effect this would exert on the country's already over-burdened industry, it would almost seem preferable that the Treasury Bill rate should be advanced. The whole position shows with emphasis how essential to the financial stability of the country is an early solution of the floating debt problem.

Referring some little time ago to Mr. Theodore's announced "intention" to raise a loan of £2,000,000 in Queensland itself, we expressed curiosity as to whether this would be done by means of blandishment or dragooning. It now appears, according to a recent cable, that the latter method may be adopted; for the message states that compulsion will be used, "if necessary." The amount, by the way, is now to be £3,000,000. The further information is afforded that American money has been offered, but the terms were unfavourable, and that the position in England was not much better. Necessity, as we are all aware, knows no law, and as the money must be found, compulsion seems to be the only course. It is likely to react on the Government later, however, if only for the hardships it necessarily entails in many instances. Thus it would appear Mr. Theodore is making a rod for his own back, and it will be the heavier, seeing that the monetary difficulties of Queensland are largely traceable not only to lavish expenditure but also to his own indiscreet utterances.

In view of the low level to which prices for tea have fallen it is not surprising to learn that a number of low-country Tea estates in Ceylon have had to close down. This, however, provides no reason why shareholders in first-class concerns should be thrown overboard. The commodity can to-day be purchased in the market at a price below the actual cost of production, which simply emphasises the fact that production during the earlier part of the year was carried on with the assistance of credit facilities which banking interests have since curtailed, or cut off altogether. Of course, the smaller concerns are the greatest sufferers, and it is a question how many of them will be able to weather the storm. Shareholders in the soundly established undertakings with substantial reserves need not worry. Dividends of recent years have been on a particularly generous scale, and though there must of necessity be a general scaling-down of these, this state of affairs will be only temporary; in addition to which lower dividends are fully reflected—and in instances more than reflected—in current share quotations. The re-opening of trade with Russia, which seems imminent, should put a vastly different complexion on the situation.

The position of Rubber is not altogether dissimilar, but here the process of recuperation may possibly be slower. It seems after all very much a question whether the 25 per cent. reduction scheme of the Rubber Growers' Association will fully meet the situation, so that it is all the more interesting to note that increasingly effective methods are under consideration; and there is little doubt they will be put into operation without loss of time. The chief development in this connection is a "combined selling" scheme. This is regarded with considerable favour by a great number of the members of the Rubber Growers' Association, who propose that, in addition to the restriction of crops by 25 per cent., a further 25 per cent. of the 1921 output should be withheld from the market under a pooling arrangement, so that only 50 per cent. of the normal output would come on the market. It is suggested, too, that the Malayan Government is prepared to give financial aid to rubber producers, as it did in 1918 to tin producers, with a resultant profit to itself of half a million.

In the meantime Rubber companies' reports appearing from day to day provide little cause for complaint. Not only are past dividends being improved upon in many instances, but substantial allocations are being made with a view to financing lean periods ahead. Two instances in point are provided by the accounts of the Tanjong Malim and the North Labis which have just made their appearance. In the case of the former profits rose from £15,300 to £62,600 and the shareholders get a tax-free dividend of 10 per cent. comparing with 5 per cent. in addition to which the directors carry forward £17,200 or £12,700 more than was brought into the accounts. The North Labis also doubles its dividend, the amount being 15 per cent. while the carry-forward is increased from £6,600 to £17,900. A notable feature in regard to the latter is the reduction in the f.o.b. cost by 2½d. to 10.41d. per lb. Viewing the situation broadly, it is obvious that to-day the leading producing companies are doing less well than in the past; it is equally obvious, however, that the directors of the first-class undertakings are looking well ahead, and that shareholders therein can regard the future with equanimity.

Last week we referred to the successes which were attending first-class industrial issues, also to the attractions of the offer for sale of the cumulative participating preference shares in Jute Industries Ltd. It appears that of the 2,500,000 shares offered, no fewer than 2,150,000 were taken. This means that, after making adjustments in the case of those who underwrote a portion of their shares, firm underwriters will take up about thirty per cent. of their liability. Having regard to the existing conditions, this result must be regarded as highly satisfactory.

It is quite four years ago that the famous Viscose "melon" of Courtaulds first became the subject of

market conjecture. This American asset of the company has at last been "cut." In other words, the directors have now decided to capitalise the company's interest in that concern at £7,806,087, which with the capitalisation of reserves to the amount of £193,913, permits of a bonus issue of two shares for each one already held. Courtaulds will therefore now have an issued capital of £12,000,000, and the question is being raised as to how far future dividends will justify the current quotation for the shares. In order to maintain the 40 per cent. distribution for the last financial period, it would be necessary for the company to net the huge figure of £4,800,000, and without knowing what profits are being obtained from the Viscose business, it would be idle to attempt a conjecture as to what the future has in store. All that is at present known is that the company has enjoyed a remarkably prosperous career, and that in the past it has not been the policy of the board to divide profits up to the hilt. Their latest action has been criticised in some quarters, but the policy of retaining undisclosed assets is not necessarily sound finance, in addition to which the capital in its new form will be much more readily marketable.

The price of fine gold continues to be maintained in the neighbourhood of £6 per ounce, but owing to Paris weakness, this fact merely serves to steady the market in gold mining shares and no more. But for adverse extraneous influences, prices in the South African market would be substantially above to-day's levels. The position is disappointing for quick-profit operators, but need not worry the genuine holder who has made a wise selection. As we have before said, first-class South African shares pay well for their keep, and this fact may be very fully demonstrated a few weeks hence, when the dividends for the current six months are announced.

The belated settlement of the Broken Hill strike after some eighteen months' duration, has had little effect upon market quotations. In view of all the circumstances, this is hardly surprising, for the progress of the industry has been put back for a considerably longer period than the actual strike. Not the least important factor to be taken into consideration is that many expert miners must have left the field, as a result of the long drawn out dispute, and though certain of them may be attracted back, the process will be slow, while the replacement of others is also a problem that only time can solve. Then, too, having in view the present obscure trade outlook, it is highly questionable whether the companies are anxious immediately to resume output on a pre-war scale. To sum up, there does not appear to be a great deal to go for at the moment, except in the case of those prepared to lock their money away for a while. Such fortunate people can confidently do this with a view to a big ultimate profit.

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BUENOS AYRES AND PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Co., Ltd., was held on the 12th inst. at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., the Right Hon. the Viscount St. Davids (chairman of the company) presiding.

The Chairman said: Gentlemen, we have had a good year. I want, to begin with, to touch very lightly on the figures. The traffic receipts for the past year amount to £8,200,227, against last year's figure of £6,269,960, an increase of £1,930,267. Against this the expenses are this year £5,712,237, as compared with £4,483,808 last year, an increase of £1,228,429, the net result being an increase in the working profit of the line of £701,838. Interest account and difference in exchange give an increase of £715,461, of which £677,385 is the increased difference in exchange, and £38,076, which is chiefly the increase from larger sums of money placed on deposit at banks. The proportion of gross receipts payable to the Argentine Transandine Co. was £7,935 less than for last year. The total additional net amount to deal with is £1,396,954.

You will notice in the accounts that we propose to write £250,000 off our investments. You may think from that, therefore, that possibly our investments would show a loss on balance. Nothing of the kind, gentlemen. We have some investments that have depreciated, and we thought it well to write them down drastically in case we have a need to realise them. But we have other investments that are far from depreciated. You may have noticed from the balance-sheet on page 22 "Steamers reserve, £411,965." We have no steamers; our steamers were either sunk or sold. That £411,000 is the balance remaining after we had repaid to capital account all our steamers cost us, and is a profit on that particular investment; so that if you take all your investments together and include your steamer investment with your other investments there would be a very large profit indeed.

APPROPRIATION OF PROFITS.

Our general manager, before the figures came to us, had been very generous with ordinary maintenance, and what we propose is a dividend of 5 per cent., which will account for £500,000; we also propose to add to the reserve fund £500,000; we propose to put to special rolling stock renewals—that will enable us to scrap a great deal of very old rolling stock—£399,200, and we propose to add to our carry forward £326,000, making a total in the carry forward of £674,000, subject to corporation tax. I know that one or two people have said that that means 5 per cent. or 6 per cent. on our ordinary stock. It means more than that, gentlemen, because that carry-forward has paid income-tax, and it means that after you provide for corporation tax there is the carry forward 8½ per cent. on our ordinary stock. (Hear, hear.) Well, why did we do it? Perhaps we were over prudent. (Cries of "No.") I am glad to hear somebody say "No,"

because I believe the great bulk of the stockholders like the property to be managed with prudence. (Hear, hear.) We have had bad days, and we thought our stockholders would like to know that there was this amount in the carry forward. We specially did not put it to reserve; we left it in the carry forward, where we will deal with it. We look on the carry forward as intended—I will not say to equalise dividends, but to help stockholders in bad days, when dividends are bad, to be able to add something to them. That is why we have built up that big carry forward, and I believe our stockholders will rejoice to see it. I have pleasure, gentlemen, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts. (Applause.)

The retiring directors and auditors were re-elected, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, the management, and the staff.

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